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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, MAY 8, 1902. NUMBER 10

"NOTHING BUT A POET."*

"He sat and talked of his own early life and aspirations; how he marvelled, as he looked back, at the audacious obstinacy which had made him, when a youth, determine to be a poet and nothing but a poet."

—EDMUND GOSSE ON ROBERT BROWNING.

"Nothing but a poet,"—so he said, and wondered
At the sole persistence of his years.
Laughing world, you'll know it, now that, silence-sundered,
He is in the welcome of his peers.

What said Milton to him, what said Keats and Shakespeare?
Oh, to see the smile on Dante's face!
Catch the great Greek "Chaire", hear the "bronze throat" hail him,
"Browning's come among us,—give him place!"

"Nothing but a poet,"—singing songs of soul-growth,
Splendor in the pain-throb, rise in fall,
"Saul the failure" in us re-creating kingly,—
Songs one surge of morning;—that was all!

W. C. GANNETT.

Camberwell May 7, 1812 — *Venice* December 12, 1889

*Written for the Browning Memorial Meeting in Recital Hall, Auditorium Building, Chicago, February 27, 1890.

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TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

1902. THIRTEENTH SEASON. 1902.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT SUBJECT TO REVISION.

In view of the frequent criticism that the Tower Hill Summer School is tardy with its announcements and consequently misses the consideration it would receive at the hands of those who are forehanded and make their summer plans early, at the close of the successful season of 1901, the School itself took the next season's work into deliberate consideration and the officers were asked to take "time by the forelock" and promulgate this preliminary announcement immediately. This tentative program is born out of the very satisfactory experiences of the season of 1901 and has been so carefully thought out by the teachers and pupils of that School that it may be confidently counted upon subject to such modifications and improvements as time may develop. Suggestions solicited.

DATES.—1902. July 13 to August 17, inclusive, representing five weeks of five days in the week, six Sundays.

FORENOONS.

SCIENCE, NATURE AND FIELD WORK, with special reference to the needs of children and young people and the teachers of such; 8:15 to 10:15 a. m. generally divided into two periods. Dr. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis., Professors W. S. Marshall, Madison, Wis., and T. R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss Etta M. Bardwell, Ottumwa, Iowa, committee.

a. First week, general zoology; second and third weeks, insects; fourth week, animals from ameba to man.

b. Trees and flowers. First two weeks, flowering plants; second two weeks, trees and shrubs.

c. Birds throughout the season to suit the convenience of students.

d. Geology and astronomy, as convenient.

No text books or class exercises. The aim will be to study such life as abounds on and around the Hill, and to give such elementary interpretations and helps as will interest children and teachers in their work throughout the year and create a more lively appreciation of Nature's marvels.

LITERATURE.—10:30 a. m. to 12 m.

First Week.—Shelley and his Poet-train. Mr. Jones, leader.

Second Week.—Normal Sunday-school work. The sixth year in the "Seven years' course on Religion." "The Growth of Christianity": The Literary, Art, Science and Biographical Stepping Stones of Progress Through the Nineteen Christian Centuries. Mr. Jones, leader.

Third Week.—The Arthurian Cycle. Miss Annie B. Mitchell, leader.

Fourth Week.—John Ruskin as a Student of Social Problems. Mr. Jones, leader.

Fifth Week.—Robert Browning's "Ring and the Book." Mr. Jones, leader.

AFTERNOONS.

No exercises. Sacred to sleep, silence and such walks, talks and drives as re-create.

EVENINGS.

Two lectures a week, freely illustrated with stereopticon. Committee: O. G. Libby, T. R. Lloyd Jones, Miss Gwen Jones, Chester Lloyd Jones and Miss Anna Nell Philip.

SUNDAYS.

Vesper Readings, 7:30, by Mr. Jones every Sunday evening. Three Sundays, double meetings, forenoon and afternoon: basket dinner in the woods; dinner, ice cream, etc., served in dining hall to those desiring it; *July 13*, Inauguration Day, "Nature Sunday"; *July 27*, "Farmers' Sunday"; *August 10*, Twenty-first Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting. August 17, closing preaching services, 2:30 p. m.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

FOR UNATTENDED CHILDREN.—The experience of Miss Wynne Lackersteen in 1901, in taking charge of unaccompanied children, proved so successful that she will be prepared to give personal attention and direction of study and exercise to a few boys under fifteen congenial to one another. Similar arrangements can be made for a group of girls if desired.

Library Class.—Miss Evelyn H. Walker, graduate of the University of Chicago Library Class and Librarian of All Souls Church, Chicago, as in 1901, will have a class in library work with special reference to the needs of small libraries, Sunday-school and public school librarians.

Sketching Class.—Tower Hill offers special attractions to the art student. A class in sketching and water colors will be organized under a competent teacher, special attention being given to such water color work as is now required of public school teachers, when desired by the students.

Sociability.—The atmosphere of the school is quiet. We seek to meet the needs of tired teachers, preachers and workers and life seekers who need renewal of nerve not the excitement of society, a re-creation of spirit better than a dissipation of energy. We seek to emphasize the solemnities of life rather than the trivialities. Simplicity of dress, quiet conversation and early retiring are the leading characteristics of the school which seeks to be a SCHOOL OF REST by being a school of thought. It seeks to strengthen character rather than to impart information, to generate wholesome enthusiasm rather than inculcate method. It is nonsectarian but religious, free but earnest.

For further information inquire of any of the undersigned officers, who solicit correspondence to the end that the needs and wishes of those who attend will be met as far as possible.

President—O. G. Libby, Ph.D., University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Vice-President—T. R. Lloyd Jones, Superintendent of Schools, Hartford, Wis.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 9 Aldine square, Chicago.

Additional Directors—Prof. W. S. Marshall, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School, Hillside, Wis.; Miss Emma Saulsbury, Ridgely, Md.; Miss Cordelia Kirkland, 174 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago; Miss Juniata Stafford, Appleton, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Bowen, 1605 Kenwood Park Way, Minneapolis, Minn.; R. H. Denniston, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Prof. E. C. Perisho, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Prof. W. H. Dudley, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis.; Miss Amalie Hofer, 530 East Forty-seventh street, Chicago; Miss Elizabeth C. Buhmann, 456 North avenue, Chicago; Mrs. Hermann Hofer Hegner, 356 North Winchester avenue, Chicago; Mrs. H. D. Osgood, 162 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago.

Conductor, JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Twelfth Season. TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT *Twelfth Season.*

This is the host of the above Summer School. It is equipped with a pavilion for meetings, a general dining-room, ice house, water works, cottages, longhouses, garden, team and buckboard and the services of a man who resides on the Hill throughout the year.

The season lasts from July 1 to September 15. House accommodations for about forty people. Applications for such should be made early. Accommodations in tents for all who may apply.

Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company can be obtained for twenty-five dollars, which carries with it the privileges of a building site. Private cottages can be built for from one hundred and fifty dollars upward. The company owns sixty-two acres of ground picturesquely situated on the Wisconsin River, three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the C., M. & St. P. R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison. It is on the list of summer resorts of the above railway and special round trip summer rates are given.

See "Bits of Wayside Gospel," first and second series, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published by Macmillan, for descriptions of Tower Hill and surroundings.

FOR CAMPERS and those who wish to board themselves. The Company having leased the adjoining Clancey Farm for a term of five years came into possession of a five roomed cottage, suitable for housekeeping and convenient camping grounds for those who would like to bring their own tents and equipments.

For further information, prices, etc., inquire of Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wisconsin, during the encampment; for the rest of the year, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1902. NUMBER 10

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after last, returns the first,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That which began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

Robert Browning.

UNITY is belated in noting the great late event in the history of Iowa Unitarians. For the first time we suspect in the history of the Iowa conference, its president, Arthur M. Judy, of Davenport, was not in attendance at its recent meeting, because he was absent on more important business. This bachelor has repented of his ways and has taken to himself a gracious wife in the person of Miss Elizabeth Griggs, of Davenport. This event will enable him to interpret the unity message in still more benignant terms, and his unitarianism will be still less enamored of the hiss in "ism" and more solicitous for the the unity that is at the root of the philosophy, however it may be about the philology of the word. The heartiness of this greeting is not one whit abated by its tardiness.

The Conservative, the weekly journal founded and edited by Mr. J. Sterling Morton, whose death we noticed in our last issue, announces that "no other hand can wield his pen and no other voice shall speak through the columns of the *Conservative,* a paper that was started to furnish him a vehicle for addressing his countrymen and a congenial occupation for his declining years. As soon, therefore, as a fitting memorial number can be prepared, the publication of the journal will be discontinued. This will be about the end of May. This is fitting. The paper was the prolongation of the man. As such there was a place for it, for the man represented a personality that could be and needed to be extended through the printed page. Now that the tongue is silent and the hand is still, let the *Conservative,* which, by the way, was always profoundly radical, inasmuch as it was inrooting, rather than uprooting, stand with its editor as a vitalizing memory, as an integral part of history.

The young pastors of today who are so anxious to acquire the latest "method," to become expert manipulators and organizers of the forces that go to make a "successful parish" and belong to a strong ministry, might receive valuable lessons if they could, as was the good fortune of the present writer last Sunday, preach in the pulpit of Henry M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, and come under the spell of his power. Mr. Simmons is so deaf that it has ceased to be regarded as a calamity. It releases him not only from the flippant distractions of idle talk and social gossip, but it renders him absolutely of no account in most of the mechanism of a modern parish. He is supposed to be "no good," except in the pulpit, but because he is alive at the top, lives in continuous intimacy with the thinkers, is at home with that great living world that is being made more and more available in books, because he speaks out of the profundity of an earnest heart and an accomplished mind, he is a man of power in his city, an ever increasing influence upon the lives of a growing circle of men, women and youths who wait for his message, who grow strong in his strength and joyous in his joy. If young ministers want to know how to build up strong churches, we commend them to study the methods of our genial deaf friend and fellow-worker, Henry M. Simmons, of Minneapolis.

Probably no name in the Chicago directory is so widely known as that of Potter Palmer, the man who after fifty years of residence in Chicago, in the 77th year of his age, breathed his last in his favorite room, overlooking Lake Michigan, in his own palatial residence on the Lake Shore Drive, last Sunday afternoon. Potter Palmer was one of Chicago's wealthy men, a multi-millionaire. The papers variously estimate his wealth at from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000, but even now, while his body lies unburied, it is quite clear that his millions played a minor part in his story and his money is a secondary interest in his life. He is remembered as the founder of the great dry-goods house, now known as the Marshall Field & Co., as the builder and proprietor of the "Palmer House," one of the famous hotels of the world, as the man who transferred the retail trade from Lake street to State street by securing control of a mile of this State street at the time when it was an unattractive and unprofitable street. He widened it and improved it so that it has become the great retail mart of Chicago. He is the man who helped shape the great South Park system in Chicago, who created the Lake Shore Drive, who helped in the exploitation of the great Columbian Exposition. In all this the money making element was secondary and incidental, and the primal fact being that here was a man of nerve and insight. These qualities could not be burned, so he stood undaunted by the Chicago fire. In these latter years it is said that Mr. Palmer developed a gentle, helping, loving side of his nature, such as befits a man of Quaker ancestry. By means of his accomplished and genial wife, the name of Potter Palmer is perhaps more widely known in the social world than in the business world. In the passing of Potter Palmer Chicago loses one more of that line of giants that gave it existence. Circumstances will never conspire again in the same way in the making of giants for Chicago. The inspirations of the pioneer are gone, but there is certainly as much need for heroes now as ever. May the study of the life of Potter Palmer

help create them. UNITY extends its sympathy to the bereaved family. Their sorrow is none the less keen because they mourn a man of wide repute and eminent in the commercial world. Chicago owes much to the Palmer name in the past. This justifies it in expecting much from the name in the future.

Robert Browning's Birthday.

UNITY goes to press one day after the 90th anniversary of Robert Browning's birth, which occurred on the 7th of May, 1812. It is fitting that we should take note of the momentous event that occurred in the quiet though cultivated home of the Brownings in Camberwell, a little quiet suburb of London, on that May day ninety years ago, for no name of inventor, financier or warrior from that day to this has filled a larger place in the life of the world, and no other is destined to be remembered with more growing love and more lasting gratitude than the name of Robert Browning, poet.

Robert Browning had to wait for his recognition. He came to his power slowly, and yet it is a significant fact that thirteen years after his death, if the figures of the librarians and booksellers signify, he is on the verge of being the most-read, as well as the best-loved of modern English poets. The explanation is not far to seek.

Robert Browning was pre-eminently the poet of humanity. He was an interpreter of modern life in its best phases. He was a poet of culture, a poet not afraid of science, a poet of the city, the teeming life of the modern man. He had a poet's eye for the beauties of nature. On occasion he could revel in flowers and stars, in trees and birds; but all these were but a background to the human drama, the figures in which were his absorbing interest.

Robert Browning was modern in the sense of being a cosmopolitan. He was no globe-trotter, but he was at home wherever he was. He was an Englishman who loved Italy, which should have given him the more fitting burial place alongside of his poet wife in Florence. But Brittany, Paris, Vienna and Rome were domesticated in his genius, as well as Florence. His sympathies had as wide a social range as geographical. Artists, musicians, popes and peasants, saints and criminals offered to him delightful studies, which resulted in masterful interpretations.

There is again a stalwart element in Robert Browning's poetry. He is the poet of the radical, not necessarily of radicalism, but he is the poet of the independent thinker, the defiant statesman, the aggressive leader.

None the less was he the poet of devoutness. There was a growth in the religious life of Robert Browning as reflected in the long line of his work which is as yet but partially understood, even by the Robert Browning admirers. Some time ago we called attention to the fact that the late lamented Dr. C. C. Everett, of Harvard University, in the book of essays published after his death, has worked out the evidence of this evolution in the religious thought and ideals of Browning in a striking manner and in a way and to a degree unreached, so far as we know, by any of the numerous interpreters of Robert Browning that have preceded him.

No modern poet has been so beset with interpreters. He shares, we believe, with John Ruskin the unique notoriety of having created interpreting societies during the lifetime of the subject. This is a high compliment, but the need of such interpreters is already largely in the past, and now there is the great danger that the would-be lovers of Browning will be intercepted on their way to the higher inspiration by the somewhat garrulous crowd of middlemen. Still so varied, intricate and dramatic is Robert Browning's method that he will always invite and require co-operative study.

Twenty years ago this year, so far as we know, the first co-operative study of Browning on the part of non-experts and without professional leadership, was started in Chicago. In the same year Prof. Carson, of Cornell, had called a group of poetry lovers together in Syracuse before the starting of the Chicago class, and it was known that Prof. Thaxter and Rev. John Weiss would give delightful interpretive readings as occasion presented itself in and around Boston. Since that first Browning class in Chicago in 1882, Browning classes, clubs and reading circles innumerable have sprung up, gotten their delight and quickened their souls, and then ceased to be, until now, through such co-operative work and the printed outcome of the same there is a body of popular intelligence concerning Browning with an available literature that makes much of Robert Browning the easy delight of high-school classes. The children now read and readily understand poems over which their elders, twenty years ago, exercised head-aching ingenuity. Then to pretend to understand Robert Browning, was to expose one's self to the suspicion of affectation, now the affectation lies in the other direction, for the poems of Robert Browning have a meaning, and the meaning is available to those who will pay the price which all real poets exact, namely, concentration of attention, sincerity of heart and susceptibility of soul.

Robert Browning is so human, so heroic, so tender, so genial for all classes and conditions of men, that no one knowing him can help loving him. He had great patience with the shortcomings of men, because he had a great trust in the redemptive resources of the human soul. There is no more tender passage in English literature than that in which the gentle Mildred exclaims:

> "I was so young—I loved him so—I had
> No mother—God forgot me—and I fell."

But after such confession she could say:

> "God seems indulgent and I dare
> Trust Him my soul in sleep."

The tenderness of this line is echoed in the pathos of the poor orphan girl in "Count Gismond." Remembering the awful trial that came to her at her foolish May queen festival she said:

> "Oh, I think the cause
> Of much was, they forgot no crowd
> Makes up for parents in their shroud!"

Perhaps there is no more characteristic thing in the poetry of Robert Browning than the benignity with which he invests death. Death is not merely the covered passage that leads through darkness into light—this is the common place of all higher poetry, but death is the interpreter of life and the living. Death gives the proper angle of vision to estimate the value of life itself. BEFORE the duel the world was too small to hold both of the mad antagonists. One must go hither, it did not matter much which one. AFTER death the victor, presumably the innocent man, says:

> How he lies in his rights of a man!"
>
> * * * * *
>
> Ha, what avails death to erase
> His offence, my disgrace?
> I would we were boys as of old
> In the field, by the fold;
> His outrage, God's patience, men's scorn,
> Were so easily borne!

But it is not within the scope of an editorial to analyze or characterize the wealth of Robert Browning. Suffice it that we once more confess our great indebtedness to this man who has so revealed the sublimity of the human soul, so clarified the love of the human heart, so exemplified the power of character, the radiating influence of impassioned thought. In Robert Browning the head and the heart were well harnessed together and he drove them abreast. Again we hear the bugle blast, the very last notes that left his lips, bidding us

> "Forward!
> Breast and back as either should be,
> Strive and thrive! cry—speed—fight on, fare ever
> There as here."

THE PULPIT.

The Carpenter Prophet: A Serman Review.

THE REV. R. F. JOHONNOT, OF OAK PARK, ILL.

"Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, and brother of James and Joses and Judas and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended in him. And Jesus said, A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and among his own kin and in his own house." Mark vi. 3-4.

Early in his ministry, though after he had by his cures and his teaching made himself a commanding figure in other localities, Jesus came to his own village of Nazareth in which he had lived all his life and where he had in all probability been born. At Nazareth he attempted to act in the role of a prophet, entitled to the honor and respect of the people, as he had elsewhere. But, as is natural, the people who had known him all his life as a simple carpenter would not respect his claims. While Jesus deemed himself a prophet, a direct successor of the great prophets of old Israel, the people of his native village held him to be but a carpenter. They knew his family; its members still dwelt among them as humble residents of the village.

"Is not this the carpenter," said the people, "the son of Mary and brother of James and Joses and Simon, and are not his sisters here with us? And to this Jesus replied, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kin and in his own house."

In these words we have the two conceptions of Jesus which Prof. Pearson, late teacher of literature in Northwestern University, has taken to form the title of his book. "The Carpenter Prophet," in which he has tried to picture Jesus as a man of humble origin but endowed with rare spiritual and intellectual gifts, living out his life in a simple, natural, human fashion. On account of such a thorough-going departure from orthodoxy as the views set forth in this book show, Prof. Pearson has been forced to resign his position in this Methodist college and also to withdraw from membership in the Methodist church. I desire to review this life of Jesus for three reasons: First, because it is always a fitting time to take up an idea when some event has fastened public attention upon it. Second, because this book is a sign of the times in its thought of Jesus; and Third, because there is a worth about this little volume which makes me desire to commend it to your reading as a helpful picture of the life of Jesus.

I. This book is in no sense a scholarly criticism of the gospels. The author approaches his subject, as did Matthew Arnold the criticism of the gospels, with the instinct of a literary man rather than with the knowledge and methods of the Biblical exegete. On this account he is not hampered with a set of traditions and is able to set forth his view with a charming freshness of method. Though the work may be less accurrate and scholarly on this account it has a worth of its own as being more suggestive of original thought. The author works by means of his constructive imagination rather than by the strict critical method; but, if less scientific, the result is more readable.

Prof. Pearson starts with the simple assumption that Jesus can not have been both God and man and, therefore, we must elect between the two theories. He says, "Poets have feigned such dual beings, but they do not exist and a demi-god is as unreal as a centaur or a mermaid." Our reason, he claims, does not allow us to believe Jesus to be God; nor does the scripture support this claim when examined by the light of its origin. Jesus was purely human; this is his standpoint taken at the outset; and, planting himself on this ground, he paints a fresh and harmonious picture of the life of the "Carpenter Prophet" from this viewpoint, without much attempt to establish the correctness of his view by argument.

The birth stories he treats as legendary, the natural outgrowth of a glorifying process on the part of his biographers. Of the boyhood of Jesus he has little to say, making no attempt to fill in its details. Grown to manhood, he thinks Jesus too emotional and imaginative to have been a good carpenter, as these qualities rarely go along with mechanical capacity. He professes himself glad that we do not know more of the early life of Jesus, as it would undoubtedly detract from our veneration for him.

Prof. Pearson holds that John recognized Jesus as a greater than himself at the time of his baptism and that Jesus at this time clearly heard the voice which pronounced him God's well beloved son. The temptation consisted in the struggle of a strong, ambitious young man, who realized his great powers, in deciding whether to use those powers for his own personal advancement or for making himself the "Friend of Humanity." His victory, however, is pictured as swift and decisive. The angels who ministered to him after the temptation were "food and sleep, memory, hope, conscience, sympathetic friends, and the felt presence of God."

"His primary method of reforming society was to reform its individual members;" because, a "community made up of imperfect people must be an imperfect community." As a teacher Jesus was a happy combination of conservative and radical; he

struck out new paths but was guided by experience. He was a great master of style, combining humor with a vivid imagination showing itself in immortal word-pictures. To a winning personality of form, face and voice, he added great intellectuality and the fervor of enthusiasm. He had the power by his personality to cure many diseases like melancholia, paralysis, hysteria; but he had no miraculous power. The miracles are legendary; though some of them, like the stilling of the tempest, grow out of a basis of natural fact. Jesus attracted women and attached them to himself more strongly even than he did men, so that, while "Men forsook, denied and betrayed him, no woman ever faltered in her love and loyalty." The account of the transfiguration is based on a radiance of face which came to him through the joy caused by Peter's declaration that he was the Christ, the joy that now his disciples understood him, and his cause was safe in their keeping. His death he plainly foresaw; but, instead of trying to perpetuate his ideas by committing them to writing, he spent his main effort on instilling them into the minds of his disciples. Prof. Pearson thinks this a great gain; for, had he put them into writing, they would have been less flexible and adaptable to the changing ages; they would have been interpreted according to their letter and so lose their spirit and power.

His conviction that he was the Messiah, formed gradually, was strengthened by the death of the Baptizer, which threw on him a greater responsibility for the preaching of the Kingdom. He went up to Jerusalem at the time of his crucifixion to make public and enforce this claim, which hitherto he had made known only to his disciples. By his course there he so antagonized the rulers of the established church that they were forced either to destroy him or to acknowledge his Messiahship. His teachings would have destroyed the whole sacrificial system upon which thousands were dependent for their position and livelihood. Jesus faced the issue boldly, ready to die rather than abate one tittle of his claim; yet in Gethsemane all the natural clinging to life as sweet showed itself and, while not swerved from his course, yet he felt all the agony which a heart purely human would feel in the contemplation of a violent death. On the cross he felt not only physical anguish but the deeper pain of seeing his hopes disappointed. Instead of the Kingdom triumphing, it seemed defeated; instead of applauding multitudes, he was in the power of cruel enemies. For a moment even his faith in God wavered and his doubt wrung from him the despairing cry. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." Here, according to our author, was a real overwhelming of his faith; but only for a moment did it last. Then his deep knowledge of life saved him and he realized that only through suffering was he to be made perfect and his faith returned again, so that he could comfort his mother and even the dying thief.

The resurrection is treated as a purely subjective experience on the part of the disciples. Jesus had so impressed his personality upon them while in the flesh that, even after his death, they plainly saw him. Out of this subjective experience grew the tales of the resurrection. But, if the disciples were thus deceived in their senses, their hearts were not; for Jesus was alive in spirit and in truth and men "will forever see that his spirit lives and reigns and that death has no power over him."

Such in brief outline is the story of the life of Jesus which Dr. Pearson gives us, though told with a clearness and charm which I can not convey by any resumé.

II. It is no scholarly book we have here, dealing critically with the gospels with the view of clearing up the disputed points in the life of Jesus. The author starts with a preconceived opinion. He does not attempt to argue its correctness, but rather to show its soundness by clearly and positively stating and illustrating it. The *a priori* method is used too much to make the book highly valuable to scholars or to those familiar with its positions. The author uses the material in the gospels which fits his theory and ignores what does not fit it. There is too much of an attempt to harmonize the different views of the gospel-writers where a real harmony is impossible. Many difficult questions which arise in the minds of all candid students of the gospels and of the teachings of Jesus are slurred over or ignored. The author does not sufficiently indicate what parts of the gospel-narratives are genuine and trustworthy as representing the thought of Jesus and what are the ideas of his disciples or of his biographers, which have been put into the mouth of Jesus. How Jesus regarded the Messiahship, and, whether he started with a real belief in himself as the Messiah, or, whether he was forced into this belief and position by force of circumstances during his ministry, are important questions which are not treated with the thoroughness they warrant. So Jesus' attitude to the question of poverty as a requisite to the kingdom is not discussed as it deserves. While declaring Jesus to be purely human, there is a marked tendency to glorify him; that is, to create such an ideal character as he thinks Jesus should have been rather than to inquire and find just what manner of man he was. So he makes Jesus teach what seems true and best to our age rather than interpreting his teachings by the thought of his own age. The limitations of Jesus' thought are ignored and a universality given to his teaching which is in part the result of ideas imported into Christianity by its development in connection with Greek and Western civilization.

Despite these faults, and perhaps they are not grave in what is merely a popular presentation of a theory, though the author speaks with positiveness and boldness where much is uncertain and conjectural, yet, as a popular presentation of the life of Jesus in a fresh and human way, this book will perform a needed work and will receive a wide reading and have much influence. Its very positiveness, its refusal to discuss mooted questions and its calm assumption of its positions as facts, make it all the better for popular reading. It will be understood to be the statement of a theory and will be weighed accordingly. If it be misleading in some minor details, it certainly comes much nearer the truth in giving us a picture of Jesus and his work than the usual and orthodox "Life of Jesus."

Its great worth lies in its making Jesus a man and not a demi-god. It shows him as a human being moving among real men and events, guided by human impulses and motives, though ever the noblest. The supernatural element of the gospels is eliminated with the skill of true rational and literary instinct. This is shown in his treatment of the words spoken by Jesus at the Last Supper of the bread and wine which he distributed, "This is my body." We have no more right to take this language literally, says Prof. Pearson, than when he said, "I am the door," "I am the true vine," "I am the good shepherd." Under the clearness of the author's criticism, orthodox theology becomes more untenable and more absurd than ever. Here is a striking contrast drawn between it and the teaching of Jesus: "The essence of modern orthodoxy," he says, "is that men are saved by a vicarious atonement, a baptism, and faith that Jesus was God

incarnate. The teaching of John the Baptist and of Jesus is that righteousness is personal, that men are saved by truth and purity, by justice and mercy." He shows how orthodoxy is merely the opinion of the majority, the clinging to that which is established by popular assent. It is a matter of temperament. Referring to the fact that among the Jews in the time of Jesus, the belief in the Unity of God was orthodox and universally believed, he says, "Those who today are shocked by the denial of Christ's supreme deity would have been just as much shocked by the first assertion of it." The bigoted orthodox believer of today would have been one of the foremost, had he lived among the Jews at the time of Jesus, to cry "Crucify him, Crucify him," had Jesus assumed to be deity.

Though he denies to Jesus miraculous powers, though he ridicules the belief in the Trinity, though he shows how it was possible for a human Messiah to accomplish all that Jesus did, yet nowhere will one find a greater admiration of the character of Jesus nor a more absolute recognition of his spiritual authority, nor a higher estimate of his real greatness. To him Jesus remains the greatest of the good, and the best of the great." "His character" is asserted to be "so colossal that it is unintelligible to us accustomed as we are to a different type of humanity." The instinct of humanity which sets Jesus above all other men is affirmed to be right; he is the "pre-eminent Son of Man." Love of Christ is his test of personal fellowship in religion. "I hold with the man who admires and loves Jesus Christ," he says, "whatever may be that man's errors, rather than with the man who does not admire and love Jesus, whatever may be that man's truths."

III. To one accustomed to Unitarian ideas, there is nothing distinctively new in this book; it is but another contribution to Unitarian teaching. Had it come from a Unitarian clergyman, it would have excited no especial interest. It is worthy of attention chiefly because it springs from a source wholly outside that denomination. It illustrates the tendency of the times for men in orthodox circles to break away from the old cycle of ideas and rest upon the basis of reason, discarding that which is irrational and supported merely by tradition. There can be no doubt that in all churches and outside all churches, there is a distinct tendency toward the Unitarian idea of God. The saner way of looking at the Bible as a record of the thought of the age which produced it and not as an infallible authority; the growing sense of the logical impossibility of Three Gods in One, or One in Three; the irrational character of the dogma of vicarious atonement by which a God descends from heaven as a sacrifice to appease himself—all these, and many other reasons, are bringing men to the Unitarian thought of God. How fast that thought is growing, how widely it reaches into even orthodox circles, Prof. Pearson's avowal of it is only a striking indication. Prof. Paine, of the Orthodox Congregational Seminary, at Bangor, has recently published a book in which he has examined the doctrine of the Trinity in a most scholarly way. The result is that he overturns its basis historically and logically and practically abandons it. At most the doctrine of the Trinity, even with those who still hold to it, is becoming but a faint shadow of what it once was. Prof. Pearson tells us that, "In the very church at Geneva, where Calvin once preached his narrow and cruel decrees, Unitarian congregations have now for fifty years listened to rational expositions of scripture and to a gospel of good will." He predicts the certain overthrow of the doctrine of the Trinity which he calls, "the crowning folly of orthodoxy."

Of such result we may be certain; but no one need fear on this account that religion will be less vital, or God will be less a power in life, or Jesus will have less influence or command less love. For the new Christianity which will result is one with the first and oldest and genuine Christianity, the religion of Jesus. It will be a Christianity freed from the errors and superstitions of paganism which have long been masquerading under the guise of orthodoxy. Jesus will be seen and loved for what he was; and God will be known and loved for what he is. Christianity will become sweet, reasonable, vital and attractive. It will be seen to consist in loving and serving God in the spirit of filial obedience and trust which characterized Jesus Christ and the service of God will be best shown in the service of man.

"The great fundamental question of religion," says Prof. Pearson, "is the character of God. The practical conflict of opinion is between those who love and trust God and those who do not; between those who believe that God is positively and energetically good, that he is exerting infinite power and infinite wisdom to benefit man, and those who disbelieve, or at least doubt, that God really cares much for man's welfare." If this be a true opinion, and I think it is, the time is coming when Christian churches and the worshippers of the true and living God will not be divided by dogmas of Trinitarianism and Unitarianism, or of Universalism and Partialism, but all lovers of God in Christian countries will be able to work and worship together in harmony in the spirit of Jesus and with his simple faith and trust in God as their bond of fellowship. It is our work as liberals to hasten the coming of that day; and we can best do it by catching the spirit of Jesus, by following his teachings and by patterning our lives after his. Thus, better than by argument or correct theology, shall we recommend ourselves as Christians to all other Christians.

Religion of Browning.

Robert Browning was pre-eminently what he himself in an essay on Shelley calls a "subjective poet." He there describes a subjective poet as one "impelled to embody the thing he perceives, not so much with reference to the many below, as to the One above him, the supreme Intelligence which apprehends all things in their absolute truth—an ultimate view ever aspired to, if but partially attained, by the poet's own soul. Not what man sees, but what God sees—the 'Ideas' of Plato, seeds of creation lying burningly on the Divine Hand—it is towards these that he struggles. Not with the combination of humanity in action, but with the primal elements of humanity he has to do; and he digs where he stands—preferring to seek them in his own soul, as the nearest reflex of that absolute Mind, according to the intuitions of which he desires to perceive and speak. . . . The poetry of such a one is the very radiance and aroma of his personality, projected from it but not separated."

This quotation applies as well to Browning as to the one of whom he wrote. While much of his poetry is essentially dramatic, there is also much that is self-revealing and contains his deepest speculations and thoughts upon the great questions of religion and religious philosophy.

As religion falls naturally into two parts, first, God and His relation to the Universe, and, second, man, the meaning of his life on earth, his relation to God and his ultimate destiny, it will be best to treat Browning's religion under these heads.

I. *God and His Relation to the Universe.*

For him there are two fundamental facts upon which he bases the structure of his religious philosophy, namely, Soul and God. He does not attempt to prove their existence; in fact, he considers them unprovable, because the foundation of reason itself. That we reason at all presupposes them. He says:

"I have questioned and am answered. Question, answer presuppose
Two points: that the thing itself which questions, answers—is, it knows,
As it also knows the thing perceived outside itself, a force
Actual ere in its own beginning, operative through its course,
Unaffected by its end—that this thing likewise needs must be;
Call this—God, then, call that—Soul, and both the only facts for me.
Prove them facts? that they o'erpass my power of proving, proves them such." *La Saisiaz.*

Of this supreme, central fact called God he conceives a trinity of attributes, power, will and love. The power he sees when he looks abroad at all the vast panorama of nature. But it is an ordered panorama and moves in accordance with law, so back of the power what is there but a

"flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!"
Abt Vogler.

Again, looking within the soul of man who has in little both power and will, he sees that the noblest possession is love; then love must be an attribute of God or the creature would surpass the Creator. In *Christmas Eve* Browning, speaking of his own faith, says:

"In youth I looked to these very skies,
And probing their immensities,
I found God there, His visible power;
Yet felt in my heart, amid all its sense
Of the power, an equal evidence
That His love, there, too, was the nobler dower.
For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless god
Amid his worlds, I will dare to say."

Man is, to use the old figure, the vessel which contains this love of God and it is our own love which both bears witness to and enables us to comprehend the transcendent love of God. Why? Because our love and God's love are alike in kind just as ocean water in a cup is still ocean water. Carrying on this thought he continues:

"But love is the ever springing fountain:
Man may enlarge or narrow its bed
For the water's play, but the water-head—
How can he multiply or reduce *it?*
As easy create it as cause it to cease;
He may profit by it, or abuse it,
But 'tis not a thing to bear increase
As power does; be love less or more
In the heart of man, he keeps it shut
Or opens it wide, as he pleases, but
Love's sum remains what it was before."
Christmas Eve.

This conception of God must have lain very close to Browning's soul, if we may judge from the way in which it suffuses all his poetry. In very truth it was his *one supreme fact.* It halos every common object and experience. Often in the midst of almost trivial narrative, he will step aside as it were, and slightly draw a curtain behind which is caught a glimpse of the great mystery, just to let one see how very close at hand it lies.

In his thought of God's relation to His universe, Browning was pantheistic. In Saul he says:

"From Thy will, stream the worlds, life and nature, Thy dread Sabaoth;"

But as when we human beings will, what we will must exist first within us as an idea, so what God wills, exists within Him as idea. It is not so much God's immanence in the universe as the universe's immanence in God.

"In Him we live and move and have our being."

Browning definitely sets forth his thought of God's relation to His universe in the Epilogue to *Dramatis Personae.* This poem is divided into three parts, the speaker of each part representing a different phase of thought in regard to this relationship. The first speaker is David, who describes how "on the first of the Feast of Feasts, the Dedication Day," when the Levites had joined the Priests at the Altar; when the thronging thousands became as a single man in praising and thanking the Lord; when the singers were lifting up their voices saying, "In Him rejoice whose mercy endureth forever!" * * *

"Then the Temple filled with a cloud,
Even the House of the Lord;
Porch bent and pillar bowed;
For the presence of the Lord,
In the glory of His cloud,
Had filled the House of the Lord."

This of course typifies the thought, primitive but nevertheless powerfully influential even now, that God is apart from His universe but will visit it in response to human supplication. When a Temple is built for Him, He will enter and abide therein.

The second speaker, Renan, represents the phase of thought when doubt overclouds this simple, childlike faith. He says:

"We"—that is, humanity in the past—"gazed our fill
With upturned faces on as real a Face
That, stooping from grave music and mild fire,
Took in our homage, made a visible place
Through many a depth of glory, gyre on gyre,
For the dim human tribute. Was this true?
Could man indeed avail, mere praise of his,
To help by rapture God's own rapture, too,
Thrill with a heart's red tinge that pure pale bliss?"

But if all this was true in the past, why did such miracles ever cease? Humanity's need is as great, their supplication as ardent, nevertheless we are left lone and silent through centuries. When we do venture to prove the vault of heaven, we find but multitudinous points which science tells us are stars, each moving according to law, but there is never a star that chooses to stoop and stay for us. Call nature and nature's laws God if you please—then He is a God who has no care for man's need or man's worship. The universe moves inexorably along its ordained path.

The dictum of science is:

"We shall *not* look up, know ourselves are seen,
Speak, and be sure that we again are heard,
Acting or suffering, have the disk's serene
Reflect our life, absorb an earthly flame."

"This must be so, but nevertheless," say Renan, "it is a

'Ghastly dethronement cursed by those the most
On whose repugnant brow the crown next falls!"

The third speaker is Browning himself. He begins:

"Witless alike of will and way divine,
How heaven's high with earth's low should intertwine!
Friends, I have seen through your eyes; now use mine!"

First notice how mankind are differentiated and individualized till no two are alike. How does this come about except by the action of nature's forces upon man—force of heredity, force of selection, force of circumstance? Symbolizing this play of nature upon him he says:

"Then, like me, watch when nature by degrees
Grows alive around him, as in Arctic seas
(They said of old) the instinctive water flees
Toward some elected point of central rock,
As though, for its sake only, roamed the flock
Of waves about the waste; awhile they mock * * *
The mimic monarch of the whirlpool, king
O' the current for a minute; then they wring
Up by the roots and oversweep the thing,
And hasten off, to play again elsewhere
The same part, choose another peak as bare,
They find and flatter and finish there."

Thus does pitiless

"nature dance
About each man of us, retire, advance
As though the pageant's end were to enhance
His worth."

But when once she has made the most of one indi-

vidual life, she rolls away elsewhere and keeps the strife sustained as the endless stream of humanity passes along. This endless process we call evolution, and what is it but a continual strife between the inner force called heredity which tends to conservatism, stability, sameness and all outer forces which tend towards change? And the result of the strife? It is a finer and finer adaptation of the individual to his environment and the greater and greater perfection of type resulting therefrom.

"Now," says Browning,

> "When you acknowledge that one world could do
> All the diverse work, old yet ever new,
> Divide us each from other, me from you—
> Why, where's the need of Temple, when the walls
> O' the world are that?"

It is just God working through nature; and nature's laws are His everpresent Will. And so that one Face which David and his like imagined could only be manifest in Temples made by hands with their Levite choirs, priests' cries, trumpet calls and other paraphernalia of worship, and which Renan and his like thought had departed from the world on account of growing doubt, lessened faith, and advancing science—

> "That one Face, far from vanish rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose,
> Become my universe that feels and knows!"

The universe then *is God*—a part of His very subjectivity, athrill and sentient! And man? Is he outside of it all, an onlooker? No, he, too, is a part of nature. Man, searching his soul, sees there power and will, and, highest of all, that which is not in outside nature, love. And what is all this but a part of God's fullness poured into a vessel of clay?

> "I believe it! 'Tis Thou, God that givest, 'tis I who receive;
> In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to believe."
> —*Saul.*

And again:

> "Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
> Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the Infinite Care!
> Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?
> I but open my eyes—and perfection no more and no less,
> In the kind I imagined, full fronts me, and God is seen God
> In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
> And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
> (With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
> The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
> As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet."

This part of the subject, God and His relation to the universe, will not be complete without a few words about Browning's thought of Christ.

As love is man's highest possession it must be attributed to God as well or He would sink below His creature. But love must be expended upon something, else it would not be love. There can be no love without a beloved object. So if God is love, the universe needs must be, to supply the beloved object. But can God Himself be beloved—He, the unknowable, the infinite, the in every way transcendent? It is in answering this question that Browning sees the truth in the mystic doctrine of Christ as the second person of the Trinity. He symbolizes that in God which humanity can love. This idea is set forth plainly in the parable of *The Sun in Ferishtah's Fancies*. Ferishtah is asked by a disciple to explain how any one could hold such a doctrine as that God once assumed on earth, a human shape. For answer he takes the Sun as a symbol of God and sees in it the author of light and life. "Now," he says, "I eat a palatable fig. Upon whom shall I bestow my love and praise for this good?" First the gardener who cultivates the fig; then the Shah who hired the gardener; then, pushing back further for the first cause in the chain that love and praise may be bestowed upon the prime giver, it is found to be the Sun which then gets supreme love and praise, or worship. But what Ferishtah loved and praised in the gardener was his purpose and intention—so it was in the Shah behind the gardener—so it was in the Sheikh and so it must be in the Sun, as there is no break in the progression. But can a mere insensate ball of fire have purpose and intention—mean his good? No.

> "Whom have I in mind,
> Thus worshiping, unless a man, my like
> Howe'er above me? Man, I say—how else,
> I being man who worship? * * *
> Man's soul is moved by what, if it in turn
> Must move, is kindred soul."
> —*Ferishtah's Fancies.*

Man cannot love mere abstractions but

> "As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
> Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!"
> —*Saul.*

God, then, possessing all human attributes, in order to be loved by humanity, must possess them *humanely* not transcendently: hence the philosophic necessity for Christ. He is not so much a type of man with all human possibilities of perfection realized as a symbol of the *man-in-God*—the that in God towards which humanity's love can reach out and upon which it can expend itself; prototype of man but "very God of very God."

> "'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
> In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
> Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand."
> —*Saul.*

As man's love reaches its height when he gives his life for the good of the beloved object so we cannot deny to the man-in-God, man's highest crown, the glory of self-sacrifice.

David says:

> "Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
> So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
> And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
> One spot for the creature to stand in!"

This is Browning's spiritual interpretation of Christ, His incarnation and atonement. Whatever were his opinions of the historic Christ—whether he considered Him in any way unique or not, as mankind for centuries have made Him the symbol of a certain aspect of God's nature, Browning finding in his religious philosophy the need for such a symbol, continued it.

II. *Man, the Meaning of Life on Earth, his Relation to God.*

Browning's second fact in which there could be no taint of doubt, or no trace of surmise, was the existence of soul. Upon this rock was built the human side of his religion. In considering this phase of his religion it is necessary to shift our point of view or we will be met with apparent inconsistencies. In his thought of God and His relation to the universe Browning strove by an intense effort of imagination to project himself into the Divine Mind and look at creation from God's point of view, where all seems subjective. On the other hand, in his thought of soul and its relation to God, he rightly takes the man's standpoint, where all outside himself must of necessity seem objective. Let me make this distinction clear by an illustration.

The drama of *Pippa Passes* is Browning's creation. He stands in relation to it as does God to His universe. Its reality depends upon the reality of Browning's mind. Now we may imagine for the sake of the illustra-

tion that Pippa, being possessed of great insight, is able to dimly grasp this truth, namely, that her reality is but part of her creator, Browning's reality and *from his point of view* she is part of his subjectivity. Nevertheless, from her proper point of view, she is a fact, together with Ottima, Luigi and the other people in the drama. Asolo lies about them all, and here is her day to use, and God stands apart ready to receive her service. Thus with us. In the great drama of the unfolding universe, it lies about us as a something to be studied; God's great laws are here, evidencing His wisdom and power and God Himself, together with His works, must from necessity be set over against ourselves, their objectivity contrasting with our subjectivity. It is only by virtue of our possessing somewhat of God's *creative* imagination that we can even dimly grasp the deeper truth.

From man's standpoint, Browning recognizes the fact and the necessity of free will for man. He could not be truly man unless he were free.

"But, also, God, whose pleasure brought
Man into being, stands away
As it were a hand breadth off, to give
Room for the newly made to live,
And look at him from a place apart,
And use His gifts of brain and heart
Given, indeed, but to keep forever.
Who speaks of man then must not sever
Man's very elements from man,
Saying 'But all is God's'—whose plan
Was to create man and then leave him
Able, His own word saith, to grieve Him,
But able to glorify Him, too,
As a mere machine could never do,
That prayed or praised, all unaware
Of its fitness for aught but praise and prayer,
Made, perfect as a thing of course,
Man, therefore, stands on his own stock
Of love and power as a pin-point rock."
—*Christmas Eve.*

With freedom, the condition of his being man occupies a midway station in the scheme of creation—

Man's life on earth is given him just for growth and for progress, which end would be defeated were he not free to weigh, to judge, to choose. Were the conditions of his being such that he could do nothing else than the right, right would cease to be. Its moral quality lies in its contrast to what is more or less right.

"Therefore neither good nor evil does man, doing what he must."—*La Saisiaz.*

It is only because right is relative and

"Liberty of doing evil gave doing good a grace,"

that moral progress is possible. And the same is true of intellectual progress.

"Such progress could no more attend his soul
Were all its struggles after found at first
And guesses changed to knowledge absolute,
Than motion wait his body, were all else
Than it the solid earth on every side,
Where now through space he moves from rest to rest.
Man, therefore, thus conditioned, must expect
He could not, what he knows now, know at first;
What he considers that he knows today,
Come but tomorrow, he will find misknown;
Getting increase of knowledge, since he learns
Because he lives, which is to be a man
Set to instruct himself by his past self."
—*A Death in the Desert.*

With this thought fixed in mind, the problem of the existence of evil, pain and error melts away.

"When pain ends, gain ends, too." Why? Because gain only comes through pain and struggle. Well may the aged John say:

"And as I saw the sin and death, even so
See I the *need* yet transiency of both,
The good and glory consummated thence."

So we can say with Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Rather I prize the doubt,
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clouds, untroubled by a spark.
* * * * * * *
Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain!
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"
—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

Since life means just this continued struggle upward,

"from vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good to what now seems best,"

it follows that it is the aspiration, not the accomplishment that counts.

"'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do."—*Saul.*

And in the end, how shall the worth of a life be estimated? Shall we be governed by the world's judgment where no two men agree? "No," says Browning, "we must look deeper; we must try to look through God's eyes."

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price,
* * * * * * *
But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;
—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

In the figure of the potter and wheel with which the poem of Rabbi Ben Ezra concludes, Browning expresses his thought of the relation of man to God (from the human standpoint remember) as finely as he does anywhere. God is the potter; we are the clay, while all this mirage of earth life is the spinning wheel.

"All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee
That was and is and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure,
He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present thou forsooth, wouldst fain arrest;
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed."

Since, then, the purpose of life with its blended good and ill, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, is to mold the clay in the cup, why—

"Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel?
But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst!
So take and use Thy work;
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

III. *The Destiny of the Soul.*

And death—what is it? Bound up with the thought of the soul in its relation to God and to life on earth, is the inevitable question of its ultimate destiny. First let us follow Browning, the philosopher, answering the question with just so much certainty as human

reason enables him. In the poem "La Saisiaz" he has most completely set forth his reasonings and conclusions on this great question. The poem is written from the human standpoint which looks upon God and nature objectively and reason as man's means of obtaining knowledge of them. So he questions himself and will only pierce as deep into the mystery as reason warrants. But the truth as far as it is obtained, will still be truth, be it much or little, for as he finely says:

"Truth is truth in each degree—
Thunder-pealed by God to Nature, whispered by my soul to me."

In his quest for an answer to the question of the destiny of the soul, he takes his stand upon his two unprovable but none the less incontrovertible *facts,* the existence of Soul and God. That these two *are,* is certain. But,

"What before caused all the causes, what effect of all effects
Haply follows—these are fancy. Ask the rush if it suspects
Whence and how the stream which floats it had a rise, and where and how
Falls or flows on still! What answer makes the rush except that now
Certainly it floats and is, and, no less certain than itself,
Is the every way external stream that now through shoal and shelf
Floats it onward, leaves it—maybe—wrecked at last, or lands on shore
There to root again and grow and flourish stable evermore.
Maybe! mere surmise not knowledge; much conjecture styled belief,
What the rush conceives the stream means through the voyage blind and brief." —*La Saisiaz.*

In this figure where the rush symbolizes the soul, and the stream God, Browning sets forth clearly the distinction between knowledge and conjecture or surmise.

Knowledge, keeping to this strict interpretation can extend itself but along one line.

"Cause before, effect behind me—blanks! The midway point I am,
Caused, itself—itself sufficient; in that narrow space must cram
All experience—out of which there crowds conjecture manifold,
But as knowledge, this comes only—things may be as I behold,
Or may not be, but without me and above me, *things there are.*
I myself am what I know not—ignorance which proves no bar
To the knowledge that I am, and since I am, can recognize
What to me is pain and pleasure; this is sure, the rest—surmise.
If my fellows are or are not, what may please them and what pain—
Men surmise; my own experience—that is knowledge, once again!
* * * * * *
Knowledge stands on my experience; all outside its narrow hem,
Free surmise may sport and welcome." —*La Saisiaz.*

If each individual's knowledge comes only through the gate of his experience, what has experience to teach of the immortality of the soul?

"I have lived, then, done and suffered, loved and hated, learnt and taught
This—there is no reconciling wisdom with a world distraught,
Goodness with triumphant evil, power with failure in the aim.
If (to my own sense, remember! though none other feel the same!)—
If you bar me from assuming earth to be a pupil's place,
And life, time—with all their chances, changes—just probation-space."

If a life experience sums up thus, we are justified in hoping for a life hereafter. For suppose the opposite, suppose this life all and the universe a stage setting for but this one act, then could I judge it as a finished piece of work—

"shrunk to atom size,
That which loomed immense to fancy low before my reason lies,
I survey it and pronounce it work like other work; success
Here and there, the workman's glory—here and there, his shame no less,
Failure as conspicuous * * * *
God whose power made man and made man's wants and made, to meet those wants,
Heaven and earth which, through the body, prove the spirit's ministrants,
Excellently all—did He lack power or was the will in fault
When He let blue heaven be shrouded o'er by vapors of the vault,
Gay earth drop her garlands shrivelled at the first infecting breath
Of the serpent pains which herald, swarming in, the dragon death?"

Lack of power or fault in will—upon which horn of the dilemma shall one impale himself under the supposition that this life is all? But turning from this grim supposition which would necessarily make any wisdom, power and goodness imputed to God "all bounded, each a human attribute," to the opposite one and

"only grant a second life; I acquiesce
In this present life as failure, count misfortune's worst assaults
Triumph, not defeat, assured that loss so much the more exalts
Gain about to be. * * * * *
—*La Saisiaz.*

Still can we say that we have a *certainty* of immortality? Is it not but a hope after all? Unflinchingly, and even here true to the dictates of reason, Browning answers: "Hope, not certainty." And more than this: Life is not only meaningless without the hope, but change the hope into a certainty and life becomes meaningless in another way. Thus, for argument, let us suppose that we have this certainty of immortality. If we deny that it would be right to act upon the certainty by anticipating death by suicide and entering upon the glories of the hereafter the moment life becomes painful instead of joyful; and if we also deny that life should simply be endured passively with eyes fixed upon the time when all veils will be lifted, then we are forced upon the last alternative, namely, that life has incalculable worth because the next life depends upon the way we use this life. Seed sown here is reaped there; good done here is rewarded there, and evil done here is punished there. In short, upon this life depends whether it be heaven or hell for us hereafter. We have then two certainties coupled together; first, that of immortality; second, that of good being rewarded by heaven and evil punished by hell. What would follow? Says Browning:

"Lay but down that law as stringent 'Would'st thou live again, be just!'
As this other, 'Would'st thou live now, regularly draw thy breath!
For, suspend the operation, straight law's breach results in death'—
And (provided always, man, addressed this mode, be sound and sane)
Prompt and absolute obedience, never doubt, will law obtain!"

In other words, our certainties would make doing right a necessity of man's very being which would rob doing right of moral quality and man of freedom of choice.

"Thenceforth neither good nor evil does man, doing what he must."

Thus Browning's reason forces him back to the point from which he started:

"God there is, and soul there is,
And soul's early life-allotment; wherein by hypothesis,
Soul is bound to pass probation, prove its powers, and exercise
Sense and thought on fact, and then, from fact educing fit surmise,
Ask itself, and of itself have solely answer, 'Does the scope
Earth affords of fact to judge by warrant future fear or hope'? * * * * *
So, I hope—no more than hope, but hope—no less than hope, because
I can fathom, by no plumb-line sunk in life's apparent laws,
How I may in any instance fix where change should meetly fall,

Nor involve, by one revisal, abrogation of them all;
Which again involves as utter change in life thus law-released,
Whence the good of goodness vanished when the ill of evil ceased."

Thus spake Browning the philosopher; Browning the seer, recognizing the ultimate unity of God and nature, strikes another note. As, for example, this from Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"All that is at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:"

Or this from Abt Vogler:

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity confirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by."

Or this from *Christmas Eve:*

"No: love, which on earth, amid all the shows of it,
Has ever been seen the sole good of life in it,
The love, ever growing there, in spite of the strife in it,
Shall arise, made perfect, from death's repose of it.
And I shall behold Thee, face to face,
O God and in Thy light retrace
How in all I loved here, still wast Thou!"

The certainty of these utterances may appear inconsistent with the uncertainty, the "just hope" of La Saisaiz. But the inconsistency lies in the fact that they are utterances from different points of view.

In the latter quotations we have Browning in his action when feeling has taken the place of thought. They are said from his "Pisgah Height."

It betokens the saneness of his mind and the well rounded, thoroughly healthy tone of his genius that he can descend from his mount of vision, "feel for the common chord again," and find a resting place in the "C major" of that life; that he can value this life for its great true worth and recognize that certainty for mortals here and now would mean simply finiteness, completeness; whereas, hope means progress, growth, infiniteness.

With limitation as before,
Only let me go on, go on,
Still hoping ever and anon
To reach one eve the Better Land!"
—*Easter Day.*

He is willing to walk the darkened way since he knows that it is God's own Hand, pressed against his brow, which shuts out the full vision. And the half lights give promise of the coming dawn.

"Let that old life seem mine—no more—
Be all the earth a wilderness!
With darkness, hunger, toil, distress;

St. Paul, Minn. SUSAN SEWALL CHAPIN.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The New World and the New Thought.*

It is good to have another book from Dr. Bixby, one of our clearest minds and ablest writers. A quarter of a century ago, when the subject was more discussed than at present, he wrote hopefully and helpfully respecting the relation of science and religion. Many of us still remember with gratitude the beneficent light which his luminous pages shed upon our perplexed minds. His contention, that science and religion are not foes, but allies, has been accepted by all forward looking minds. Discovery may destroy some particular faith, but in doing this it opens the door that a larger faith may enter. *May enter?* That is what we are seeing today: It *may* enter. Unfortunately it does not always enter. Worldliness may keep it out. Fear of public opinion may keep it out. Or mere confusion or indolence of mind may keep it out.

We have been saying science does not destroy essential religion. Very true. This needed to be said. But something more needs to be said, and said with power and enthusiasm. Science alone by itself is not going to create an adequate piety or equip humanity with an adequate faith. Science not only leaves the spiritual foundations undestroyed; it provides larger foundations; but science as such builds no temple. The saints must do this. The two things which the church must lay to heart are these: (1) Assume the religiousness of science and make men religious; and (2) Take the truth of science and give it religious effectiveness. Of all the ominous signs of the times none is more serious than this: The indifference of scientists to the church and the indifference of churchmen to science. The discoverer of truth fails to see the spiritual import and implication of the facts he handles; the preacher of the gospel shuts his eyes to the great revelations made respecting the Bible, the creeds, the evolution of humanity, and goes on talking just as though nothing had happened! The situation is full of danger.

All this and more Dr. Bixby sees and feels, and he has put into our hands a thoughtful and helpful book. In the first chapter he graphically describes the expansion of the physical universe; it is a marvelous piece of condensation that is at the same time clear. And then he asks: What of it? Does this destroy or enlarge faith? He points out forcibly the needed lesson: These facts, which seemed at first to paralyze faith, when rightly handled become the basis for a grander faith. The three chapters that follow, The Sanction for Morality in Nature, The Agnostic's Difficulties, The Scientific Validity of Our Religious Instincts—all these present different phases of the same great problem. They nobly uphold the spirituality of man.

In Evolution and Christianity, Dr. Bixby shows how the doctrine of evolution transforms Christianity. By it crude ideas are separated from the essential spirit, especially those that relate to the work of creation. We shift our emphasis from mechanics to dynamics, from a Potentate without to a Power within, from a visiting to an abiding God. In the light of Evolution man becomes more spiritual and a true Providence more real. Some will wish that Dr. Bixby had in the chapter grappled more decisively with the negations which certain recent biologists are thrusting upon us. Many helpful things are said, but other lines of spiritual assurance might be fruitfully followed.

Dr. Bixby makes a plea, which is becoming common now, for the use of "The Old Testament as Literature" (Chap. VI), and in Christian Discipleship and Modern Life, he presents some very sane and sensible ideas on the question: "Is Christianity indeed applicable to modern society and our existing civilization?" He shows that antecedent to any answer, we must settle in our minds: What is Christianity? and, What is Modern Society? That certain forms of Christianity and certain forms of existing civilization are far apart is clear enough. But Dr. Bixby rightly contends that essential Christianity and the best impulses of modern society are not far apart. In the closing chapter, "The Union of the Churches," Dr. Bixby sounds a note that is becoming clearer and stronger as the years pass: A plea for co-operation in the religious world. May it be speedily heeded.

In one review of the admirable book I saw it stated: Dr. Bixby seems to be more of an evolutionist than a Christian. Sad evidence that progress in religion is still slow and halts by the way. Suppose that I should write that John Smith is more of a Copernican than a Christian, would not that look very silly? Or suppose that I should write that Thomas Brown is more of a Homœopathist than a Christian, would that

* By James Thompson BIxley, Ph. D. Thomas Whittaker, New York, 1902. pp. 219. $1.00 Net

ordinarily be a sensible statement? The truth is, the mind of the reviewer has not yet been *modernized.* It is the office of this book to bring the discoveries that we group together under the term "Evolution" and the Christian spirit together, so that men may understand that in being evolutionists they do not cease to be Christians, but instead become better Christians JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,

Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XXX.

Conquering the City of Jericho.

I suppose you keep thinking about the time when Abraham lived in this land of Canaan, and how kindly the people had treated him there. At that time it seemed that they were a kindly disposed class of persons. Why, then, you ask, should the Children of Israel have been so afraid of entering this new country; and why should they have thought about it as a land where they would have to do a great deal of fighting in order to conquer it?

But you see a great many changes can take place in the course of a few hundred years. When you come to think of it, a hundred years is a long time. It may be, too, that another kind of people had moved into this land since the time when Abraham lived there. At any rate, we are told that now when the Children of Israel were to enter this Land of Canaan, the people living there were a very bad kind of people. Perhaps those who had been living there had grown wicked. But I should rather suppose that the wickedness of the people in this Land of Canaan at that time had come from other persons who had moved there. Whatever had taken place, *now,* at any rate, there was a great deal of wickedness in this Land of Canaan. The people were almost as bad as those who had been living in those cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, which I told you about.

On this account the Children of Israel had received a command which I almost hate to tell you of. It was something stern and awful. Yet I suppose that the Lord over All felt that there was no other way. He wanted that a better kind of people should live in this land. And so he told Joshua and the Children of Israel that they were to conquer the people of Canaan, and put them all to death. It was an awful punishment for the wickedness of that country; but the Children of Israel felt there was only one thing for them to do,—having received the command, they had to obey.

Now, it so happened that right near where they had crossed the River Jordan, and where the memorial had been placed, there was a great city, which was called Jericho. The first thing Joshua had to do, therefore, was to conquer the city of Jericho. And they could not wait long, because the city was close by, and the armies from Jericho might come out soon to attack them.

Everything now depended on whether the people of Israel would show the right kind of courage. A good many of them may never have been in battle. Sometimes, too, people who are very brave in the face of certain dangers, yet lose all that bravery when they become very much excited. Great battles in history have been lost just in this way, where the leaders had supposed that the soldiers were very brave indeed, but where the soldiers "lost their heads," as we say, forgot themselves in the great excitement, and before they knew it, turned about and ran away.

I am sure that Joshua knew all about this, and feared very much lest the Children of Israel should act in this way. They were now to be put to the test. As for Joshua, it was all right and safe enough as far as he was concerned. He had been tried in the fire, and the people knew that his courage would never fail him.

In the meantime, the army belonging to the city of Jericho, being afraid of the great host of people who had just crossed the Jordan, had retired inside the city. In those days all the great cities had high walls around them. We do not build such walls around our cities nowadays; but Jericho had a great wall of this kind all around it, so that the people had to pass through gates in the wall when they went in or out of the city.

And so the army of the Israelites came up to the walls of Jericho and saw the gates shut, and they began to wonder how they would conquer the city.

But one thing I must tell you about, which they did just before they came up to the gates of this city. There was first a festival, as we call it, which they had to keep, called the Festival of the Passover. It was what we should think of nowadays as a sort of memorial day. Moses had told the people that they should set aside one day every year in memory of the time when the Children of Israel escaped from the land of Egypt. I suppose they thought of it in about the same way that we think of Independence Day in the United States. In a sense, the Passover was a Memorial Day of the founding of the nation of the Israelites.

But at any rate, the first thing they did after crossing the Jordan was to keep this memorial day or Passover. This was the great festival which was kept through coming ages by the Children of Israel. Wherever they might be in the world, they never forgot their Passover.

Then, too, one other change had to take place which was very important to them, now that they had entered the Land of Canaan. Do you remember what they had to eat for the most part during all those years in the Wilderness? "Manna," you say? Yes, it was manna; but it seems that this kind of food was only to be found over there in the Wilderness. Now that the people had entered Canaan, they were to have another kind of food, and, as we are told, were to eat of the fruit of the Land of Canaan. Whether they liked this change or not I do not know. It must have seemed a little peculiar to them at first, because they had been used for so many years to that other kind of food. But this change must have made them feel all the more strange for a time, in the new country to which they had come.

But now to go back to the Children of Israel before the walls of Jericho. The question was, how they were to conquer the city; or, rather, I fancy, in the mind of Joshua, it was the question how to keep up the courage of the Israelites; because, I suspect, he knew how the city could be conquered, if only he could feel perfectly sure of the people themselves.

But it seems that the Great Ruler had decided to tell Joshua what to do. And it came to pass when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold there stood a man over against him, with his sword drawn in his hand; and Joshua said to him: "Art thou for us, or for our enemies?" And he said: "Nay, but as captain of the Host of the Lord am I now come."

Then Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and said to the man: "What saith the Lord unto his servant?" And the Captain of the Host of the Lord said unto

Joshua: "Put off thy shoes from thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." And Joshua did so.

Then the man, speaking for the Lord, said unto Joshua: "See, I have given unto thy hand Jericho and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valor. And ye shall compass the city, all of the men of war going about the city once. Thus shalt thou do six days. And the seven priests shall bear the ark, with trumpets before the people. And the seventh day ye shall compass the city seven times, and the priests shall blow with the trumpets. And it shall be, that when they make a long blast with the trumpets, and when ye shall hear the sound of the trumpet, all the people shall shout with a great shout, and the people shall go up and conquer the city."

I suppose Joshua saw what all this meant. It may have been a way of fostering the courage of the people, so that by the time the seventh day would come they would be full of enthusiasm, eager at last to go ahead bravely and capture Jericho.

It was rather an odd sort of a thing to do, this marching solemnly around the city day after day, in perfect silence, while the priests went before carrying the ark. But Joshua knew that it would all come out right.

He called the priests and said to them: "Take up the ark and let seven priests bear seven trumpets before the ark." And it was so that when Joshua had spoken, the seven priests bearing the seven trumpets passed on and blew the trumpets; and the ark was carried behind them; while the people marched with them around the city. Joshua had told the people, saying: "Ye shall not shout, nor let your voice be heard, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth until the day I bid you shout, then shall ye shout."

Upon the second day they compassed the city once more, and again on the third day, and so they did for six days.

It must have been a splendid discipline for those people, to go marching that way day after day, walking around the city, without saying a word. This was what we might call drill, and drill of a very hard kind. People, as you know, in their excitement like to shout and make a noise; but sometimes the people that do the most shouting make the poorest fighters. A man cannot be a good soldier until he has learned what we speak of as *self-control.*

You see Joshua by this means was teaching the people self-control, and in this way making good soldiers of them. I fancy they would have enjoyed that marching around the city immensely; but the pleasure of it all must have been nearly spoiled for them, just because they could not shout or make a noise.

As they kept on day after day, they began to see, themselves, how much more firm and self-possessed they were. They could observe how they could trust themselves better because they were getting a certain kind of control over themselves. It was pretty hard; but as they began to see the reason for all this, it troubled them less. They knew that the seven days would come to an end before long. I can fancy Joshua each day, as the people marched by, standing there watching their faces, to note whether they were showing the right kind of spirit; and each day he must have felt more and more encouraged by the firmness he saw in their faces, and the brave, manly way in which they walked as they moved by.

At the end of the six days Joshua could see by the look on the faces of the people that they were ready for battle. Now he understood fully what good there was in waiting this way for six days.

And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they arose early at the dawn of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times. By that time, you can be sure, they were ready to shout. They had controlled themselves long enough. But first Joshua told them very carefully what they were to do. It was very important that the people should act unselfishly, and not take anything which they might find for themselves. He told them that they were to destroy all living people in the city, and all the animals in the city, save just one family, which had dealt kindly with the messengers or spies, sent not long before by Joshua, to find out about the country. But all the silver and gold and everything of that kind was to be kept sacred as something for the Lord.

Then all at once, as the Children of Israel stood there waiting in silence after they had compassed the city seven times, Joshua said unto the people: "Shout." So the people shouted, and the priests blew the trumpets. It must have been a tremendous roar of sound, all that excitement and shouting of all those thousands of thousands of people. It was a mighty army of brave men. And when they shouted with a great shout they went bravely ahead and conquered the city of Jericho. Just how it all happened we shall never know. We are told that the walls of the city fell down as if of themselves, and then it was an easy matter to accomplish the rest. And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both men and women, both young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with edge of the sword—save just the one family I have told you about. And they burnt the city with fire and all there was therein; only the silver and the gold, and the vessels of brass, and of iron, they saved for the treasury of the House of the Lord—because I suppose they hoped ere long to build a temple to their Lord, where they could use all this gold and silver.

Joshua's mind was now at peace. The first great victory had been won, and the people had shown themselves brave and obedient soldiers. They could trust him; and now he felt sure that he could trust them likewise.

It was no easy task before them. This first victory around Jericho had given the people some idea of how much they would have to go through in conquering the land of Canaan. There were a great many great cities in that country, like Jericho. One after another would have to be conquered; and they saw that it would be a long, long while before they could settle down and feel at home there.

I suppose, too, they must have found it a very painful work. There is something cruel and sad about war of any kind, even where the war may be just and right. It is something awful for people to be obliged to fight and kill each other in this way; yet, at that time, the Israelites had to do it. They had been told that they must put to death all those wicked people whom they found in the Land of Canaan.

To the Teacher: The ethical element in this lesson is not very striking. But the feature of discipline could be talked about, as most necessary when people have anything to do *together.* Then, too, there is the point about self-control. Allude to the straightforward, soldierly bearing of Joshua in the way he conducted himself. It must rest with the teacher to decide just how far the supernatural element in this story is to be introduced. The only consideration here is that the more this special side is dwelt upon in the account the less does the ethical feature appear.

Memory Verse: *Ye shall not shout, nor let your voice be heard, neither shall any word proceed out of your mouth, until the day I bid you shout, then shall ye shout.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

THE ILLINOIS STATE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The seventh annual meeting of the Illinois State Library Association was held at Quincy, Ill., on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, some forty or more librarians being in attendance. This was a very creditable showing, since Quincy seems, for a place of its size, to have the worst possible railroad service and connections. Those who came from no farther away than the University of Illinois had to start at the unheard-of hour of 3:25 a. m., and there were faithful souls in attendance who traveled eighteen hours and changed cars twice in the night to get there. The Chicago party had its share of trials and fatigues, but all were carefully borne, and, indeed, well-nigh forgotten in face of the cordial reception and graceful hospitality extended to their visitors by the people of Quincy and their thoughtful, wide-awake librarian.

The day sessions of the conference were held in the council chamber at the City Hall, where Miss Angie V. Milner, librarian of the State Normal School, at Normal, had arranged a varied exhibit of mounted pictures, scrapbooks, bulletins and reading lists for the children's reading room and co-operative work with schools, that attracted no little attention throughout our stay.

The opening session was held on the afternoon of Wednesday. A few words of welcome from the mayor of Quincy and an interesting address by the president of its Public Library board were responded to by Mr. Anderson H. Hopkins, president of the State Library Association, after which the usual routine of reports and executive business was taken up. This session will be memorable as that in which the association voted for incorporation, and, by the adoption of a new constitution and reorganization on the lines of the American Library Association, the national body of library workers. After three unsuccessful attempts to secure a library commission for Illinois by legislative action, the State Association has now put itself in condition to work for the attainment of its object through other channels. Its efforts will be watched with interest by library lovers throughout the country.

The morning session of Thursday was given to papers and discussion on such themes as "Realizing the Ideal Library," by Henry F. Wood, public librarian at East St. Louis; "The Librarian in Relation to the Library: Hours, Salaries and Vacations, Considered from the Librarian's Standpoint," by Miss M. E. Ahern, editor of *Public Libraries;* "From the Trustee's Standpoint," by Miss Anna E. Felt, trustee of the Galena public library; "The New Method of Pricing Books," by W. O. Waters, of the University of Illinois. One of the best papers of the meeting, that of Mr. C. B. Roden, of the Chicago public library, on "The Public Library, Whence and Whither," was punctuated by peals of thunder and rattling hailstones in a sudden downpour from the heavens, but nature was smilingly serene again by the hour for adjournment.

The session of Thursday afternoon was particularly noteworthy from the unwonted appreciation shown by the local community. The general topic was "The Relation Between the Schools and the Libraries." Recognizing its importance, the Quincy superintendent closed the schools that the teachers might all have an opportunity of attending this session. They were out in force, and contributed to the interest and success of the gathering both by papers and discussion. This is the first time that the association has been so met by the school teachers of any locality, but we hope it will by no means be the last. Chicagoans can only blush with shame in this connection at the thought that not only have all propositions looking toward more efficient co-operation between the public library and the school of Chicago been vetoed, but that the work the library has been doing has been ruthlessly curtailed by the cutting down of its income one-fourth, a sweeping reduction in its staff, and the decision to close its doors daily at six o'clock, to say nothing of forcing upon the retained employees of a month's vacation without pay. Poor bankrupt Chicago!

The social features of the Quincy meeting, too, were most enjoyable. On Wednesday evening a reception was tendered the visitors by the Women's clubs of Quincy in the parlors of the Hotel Newcomb, which was a very successful affair. At the close of the afternoon session on Thursday, prominent citizens came with their carriages and took the librarians for a delightful drive about the city and surroundings, including glimpses of the various parks, the Soldiers' Home, elm-shaded residence streets suggestive of New England, and, finally, the hospitable Country Club, with its broad sweep of verdant, undulating golf links. Truly, we felt that it was good to be alive on such a fresh, sweet May day.

Evening brought a fine organ recital by Mr. George W. Chadwick, director of the Quincy Conservatory of Music, in the First Union Congregational Church, followed by two or three papers for the closing session. Chief among these was the address of Miss Alice Tyler, secretary of the Iowa Library Commission, on the work of that body, a report from which the Illinois Association might draw inspiration for its own new efforts. Then came farewells, and the Chicago party started on its night ride homeward, making the best, with laugh and jest, of the very dirty, antiquated and really discreditable special car put at its service by the Wabash railroad.

M. E. H.

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